

MIDNIGHT DANSEUR !! — BLADE × GN!READER.

SYNOPSIS: blade, on his way back home, sees you practicing for an upcoming show, he is hooked as he does not realize you know very well he watching.

CW: none.

blade never understood the appeal of the arts. it never occurred to him that this flow of the body could ever have any value at all. wherever he was concerned, his hob was one of reason and logic, one where nuances were a thing he never payed attention to, for why would he when he had finally achieved his goal, had finally finished off this task?

that was until he saw you, a flash of white, dancing. it was a mere practice that you were doing in this studio at night that he crossed on his way home.

unintentionally, he stood there, watching with precision. he got lost in the movements, the fluidity of them. it was quite the sight for him.

“ how was the performance, dearest guest? ”

when you got there, he didn't know. all he deduced was that you had stopped dancing and were now right in front of him, smugly enjoying his lack of response.

“ you dance well,” was all the man could muster as he looked away, his hair falling on his face. it was completely intentional, as he tried to hide the small but clearly noticeable spark that you lit with your little performance.

to this, your laugh rings in his ears, a soft tinkle. all he is left to do is look away and hope what his collueges call an intimidating aura was still around — which, judging by the easiness of the laugh and your relaxed posture, was not. how sad.

“ so ... what brings you to the studio? it's not working hours, so I doubt it's an appointment. so what is it? ” you just had to ask. it was not every day you had someone look at you ad you practiced. especially with the look of his that he had, one that knew your every next move and was still enamored with every one.

blade, poor blade, was dreading this question. he had no excuse for the look in his eyes, the way he stood oh-so still as he watched you like a hawk.

“ i liked your performance. ” he replied, almost curtly.

“ awww, you did? that explains it! I swear I felt like I was a dissected frog! not the usual look you give someone, but I’ll take it as a compliment. ”

to this, he only lets out a soft chuckle. this was going to be a long day

...